**Megan and Jessie #5: Jessie Services Megan**

by Jappio

**Part 1**

I perhaps made a mistake when I made a bet with Jessie. I might have really paid for it more than I was intending.

You see, the other week, I was giving Jessie a bit of crap about a test we had to take. She was insisting she could score better than me.

Now I know I really like everything about Jessie, and would never say something bad about her. Yet I know that I tend to do better at school stuff than her. All through middle and high school I always graded better than her. Heck, it was a miracle when Jessie even actually did any work.

I think she may have just been trying to come up with an excuse for her to improve her grade. She wanted to put something on the line I believe.

She had made a bet with me that whoever got the lower score, would be the other's maid for a day. So the loser essentially would have to do a lot of chores for the other by the sounds of it.

I wasn't really worried much, so I took her up on it, she was insisting after all.

Then when the test grades came in, I was shocked to see how much better she had done.

The problem was, it really only amounted to a B-, and I still scored an A on the test.

Jessie isn't much of a sore loser though, so although not happy she lost, she was happy she did so well still. I was happy for her too. We agreed she would come over to my house during break. My parents would be away, so I figured I could use both a helping hand and the company.

So you may be wondering why I was the one paying for it. Well it's a bit difficult to explain, but I'll do my best from the top.

My alarm rang at my usual wake up time. I made sure to shower and pick out something nice to wear. Even though I would have a personal maid for the day, I still made my bed and made sure my room was clean. Although Jessie had been over hundreds of times in our friendship, I still liked making the best presentation for her. I may not be much, but at least one day, if I get lucky and we get close, I won't scare her away by being a slob.

Soon 9:00 AM rolled around, and I heard the doorbell ring. I was practically surprised, Jessie was rarely so punctual.

I quickly opened the door, but what I saw shocked me. Standing there at the door way was Jessie, and she was absolutely naked!

"What are you doing?!" I asked her quickly. I grabbed her by the arm and pulled her inside and shut the door.

"Sorry Ma'am, I don't understand the question. I am here just as you asked me to be," Jessie explained.

I took a closer look at her once I was sure she was safely inside. I didn't need the neighbors seeing a naked girl at my doorstep.

"That's not what I meant Jess, where are your clothes?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't bring anything unnecessary Miss Megan. I only brought what was absolutely necessary," Jessie verified.

My mouth hung open. I couldn't believe Jessie would take a silly bet that far. "You didn't really leave all your clothes at home?"

"I brought some things to wear during certain duties today Ma'am. I made sure I was really prepared," Jessie said while holding up a small duffle bag.

"You did not need to bring a special uniform, but you better put it on right away!" I said.

Although I was shocked Jessie would risk driving across town naked for this bet, it wasn't a total shock. Jessie was always like that.

However, when she actually began to open her bag, I was more shocked. Jessie, once naked, is near impossible to get redressed, especially if she didn't have a reason to. Alone in my house, I figured she'd insist staying naked.

I guess I was sort of disappointed. I had been so shocked up until that point, I didn't get the chance to really look much. She was as gorgeous as ever that morning. Her hair was tied up formally, a tad different than her usual style, but it looked really cute on her.

Of course I did get a chance to look at her bare breasts before she got anything on. They were still as firm and round as I remember them. She practically glowed, probably having taken a shower and gotten ready before coming here. She was even cleanly shaven between her legs. It's embarrassing to admit I looked that close though.

Jessie pulled out a relatively small white fabric from her bag. I wasn't sure at first what it was, but she quickly stuck her head in a loop of it, and I realized that it was an apron!

Jessie took some time putting it on. She straightened it out, and began to tie it. She even partially turned her body while she tied it, and I could see her round bottom sticking out, completely exposed.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" I asked, a tad mesmerized.

"Hm? Am I Miss Megan? I would hate if I did," she asked, genuinely confused.

"Your clothes Jessie. You're still pretty much..." I began to say, unable to say the word too loudly, "naked."

"Oh Miss, I am your servant today. It's my job to serve you today," She said. I quickly took in air. Although I was sure she couldn't possibly mean it the way it sounded. I'm sure any other girl who would stay nearly naked for the sake of `service' would mean it in a different way. Jessie though I think was trying to say that clothes weren't needed, since they wouldn't help her be the maid for the day.

I know it's a bit of a jump in logic, but I have been her friend for over a decade. You sort of start to learn to speak Jessie-ese.

She even got out a small maid's headdress and put it on her head. The white bit of frill and black ribbons looked really cute.

Jessie was now smoothing out her `uniform' for the day I suppose. The apron was pure white, and looked quiet thin. It seemed to just float atop her beautiful form. As she looked down at herself, inspecting it, she twirled her body. As much as I'm sure she was making sure that the outfit was where it was needed, I was noticing other things.

As she shifted in her spot, the apron shifted across her skin. Up top, the area of her chest that was covered loosely sat and moved around. I could practically see the two spots where her nipples were, the apron being that thin.

Speaking of there not being much material, the apron didn't cover much. I could definitely see some cleavage above. Along her sides, the apron didn't even fully hide her body. You could tell she was naked from the sides of her sticking out. I suppose her slender waist was just barely hidden by the width of the cloth, but you could definitely see her smooth and bare hips sticking out.

So as I was saying, as she swayed about, the front of the apron only held where it was thanks to some ties in the back, swished left and right with ease. Every time, I could swear I saw her bare pelvis, at least from the side.

The apron didn't even reach her mid-thighs also. I suppose normally decency isn't the main job of an apron, but even still I felt it was overly skimpy.

My eyes shot wide as Jessie took hold of the hem of the apron and lift it a bit. Although it was only a couple of inches, I could see all of her bare thighs. She then continued on with a curtsy motion. "Jessie, reporting for duty Ma'am," she said.

I was nearly speechless. From the bare thighs, and now the peek I was getting down the front of the apron, I was astounded. I know I see her naked all the time, I in fact did just a couple of minutes before then. However something about her having something on made it sort of naughtier.

"Um... yeah... you know you don't have to call me that, right?"

"Oh but Miss Megan, someone in a submissive position as myself should always do as her mistress asks. She should never question an order. She should always show absolute respect on top of that. Today I am here to do every one of your needs Miss Megan. I am going to on top of it be as proper as I can be.

"As proper as a half naked made can be, huh?" I thought to myself. I wasn't about to argue with her though, so I just let the matter drop.

"Is there anything you'd like me to do first Ma'am?" Jessie asked, standing up straight again from her curtsey.

"Well, I was thinking we could just sit around and hang out," I explained. I wasn't really planning on her pay off the bet that much. I really was just thinking I'd have her help me clean up a bit later that day.

"No Miss Megan, you must relax yourself, and I will get to work," Jessie said. Even with all the talk of her being the submissive one today, she quickly grabbed my arm and pulled me towards the couch in the living room. She had me sit down in front of the TV. I didn't really know what to do; I was still trying to come to grips with her body in such a tiny outfit still.

"Ok, you sit here. I will prepare you some breakfast since I already have my apron on. You wait right here and I'll get you a drink."

"Thanks..." I muttered as I tried to relax back in my seat. Jessie for a moment turned to go to the kitchen, but quickly whipped right back around. The effect on her apron guaranteed a view of her bare mound.

She didn't' notice my staring thankfully, but then again that's because she quickly knelt over me. Each of her arms was around the sides of my head. Only an inch or two fro my eyes was her chest. Between the crevice of cleavage and the shape of the two round orbs through the thin cotton, I wasn't sure what to look at.

"Tell me when you're comfortable," Jessie asked, her hands manipulating a pillow she had snuck behind my head. Every time she adjusted it, I noticed her breasts would bobble.

My mouth was completely dry. I barely was able to croak out a, "that's fine, it's good." Jessie seemed happy with that, and again headed towards the kitchen.

I let out a sigh. I was telling myself it was too early for me to get so worked up so quickly. Even if I loved my luck for seeing her, it was incredibly stressful too. Yet even with that thought, I still caught myself staring at Jessie as she walked away, the bounce in her step causing her bottom to bob about.

Jessie happily hummed to herself as she looked through my fridge. "Would orange juice be good for you Miss Megan?" She asked. I told her that would be fine.

I turned on the TV, and switched it to the news. I wasn't exactly interested, but I knew I needed to do something. If I wasn't careful, even Jessie would realize I was staring at her. It was hard though. She seemed so naked, yet that apron just barely hid her at times. I don't know why just the tiny teases of nudity were working on me as well as her total brazen nudity might. I don't know why I don't get tired of her body for a second.

Soon Jessie was serving me my juice, and even prepared a bowl of cereal. I wasn't about to have her cook me anything after all, I didn't want her to actually work for me.

After my breakfast, Jessie asked if I needed anything. I wanted to say no, but she seemed really insistent. "Well, if you insist. I guess I'd like to check my email and such. Would you mind getting my laptop?"

Jessie left for my room, leaving me just a moment alone. I eyed her backside again as she left, but let out a larger sigh once she was gone. I was starting to wonder if I should feel a little guilty at all. It seemed wrong to let her parade around like that. I hadn't asked for it, but surely I could get her to wear something.

Jessie returned with my laptop, and set it in front of me. I didn't open it though; I decided I would at least make things right between us. It was wrong of me to just keep her exposed for my fun.

"Jessie..." I said, trying to find the words. Like usual, a lump formed in my throat. Telling such a beauty to get dressed never seemed like the right thing.

"Yes Ma'am?" she asked.

I looked at her at her smiling face, eyes beaming so brightly. "Well... I think you need to dress a bit more decently..." I said.

Her face turned to one of confusion. I instantly felt a bit of guilt. "I mean you're hot! We both know that!" I then immediately kicked myself mentally. I just told her she was hot, and I hadn't meant to do that. "Well I mean, like... well..." I was trying to explain myself away from the compliment, but I could see the look of confusion coming back to her. "No, I'm not saying you're not, I just... I mean you do look good, anyone would want to look at you like that, especially me, well no I mean..."

Jessie was still looking at me. I couldn't believe all that I was saying. I always get like this. It doesn't help that I kept looking down at her body too. "What I mean is you look great and all. You really do. However I would like if you would put more clothes on and be dressed a bit more decently. You know, cover up areas a bit better. You can borrow anything of mine."

I was so relieved when Jessie didn't seem upset. "Thank you very much Ma'am. I will go right away," I then watched as her naked butt walked away again, hopefully for the last time that day so the two of us could have a normal day.

**Part 2**

I opened my laptop, and began to check around. I told myself I'd end this little game of Jessie's soon, and the two of us could watch a movie or something.

However Jessie returned and I was shocked when I couldn't even tell if there was anything different. I saw the same apron, and a lot of bare skin peeking out from it.

I had to really concentrate, but I saw two black bows at her hips!

Jessie had gotten a hold of something to wear, and it was probably one of the last things I wanted her to find.

Although she was facing me, I instantly knew what she must have had, and I suppose there is a bit of a story I should share about them.

You see, a couple of months back, I was doing some shopping. I was looking at the selection of underwear they had, and well... I'll admit I was thinking about Jessie wearing some of them. However I started to think about me in them. The idea was embarrassing, but I figured if I would think Jessie would be cute in them, maybe I'd get lucky and Jessie would think I looked cute in them too.

So looking at the selection, I settled for a tiny silky pair. My face was red as I made the purchase, and barely thought about it till I was home. Then that night I tried them on in front of the mirror.

I was astounded really. Although they appeared black, I didn't have enough backbone to really look them over in the store. There were portions like the bows that were black. The waistband was solid, although had little frills around it and the leg holes. However most of the fabric was sheer in the front and back. You could see almost my entire butt and even my fur in front. Only a small black patch existed for modesty, and it didn't hide much.

I told myself I couldn't wear something like that in front of anyone, much less Jessie! So I hid them away in my drawer and never gave them a second thought. I didn't even want to return them, it would be too embarrassing.

Now Jessie had found them, and was wearing them!

"Ok Miss Megan, what would you like me to do next? I could start some cleaning if you'd like?"

I wasn't even able to stammer at that point. My face was red from her finding them. I also couldn't help but wonder more how she looked in them. Suddenly the indecent apron was too decent!

"Um... what?" I asked, almost mesmerized trying to picture them in them.

"I could start with some dusting if you'd like Ma'am," she clarified.

"Um... sure yes, that'd be great!" I said, wanting to change the topic.

Jessie headed towards her bag. The whole time I looked at her out of the corner of my eye. As she was to my side, I could see her from head to toe, bare except for the little ribbons on the waistband of those panties. I couldn't believe she was wearing them.

I tried taking a deep breath and sit back. She hadn't put on nearly as much as I had asked. She was still so exposed. Yet I couldn't send her back again. I didn't even want to acknowledge the panties.

However there was little ignoring the panties on my part. As she walked around the room with her newly found feather duster, I got a lot more opportunities to see what she looked like squeezed into them.

Occasionally I'd be lucky when she'd turn or twist suddenly, and I'd be able to see what they looked like in front.

The apron offered no coverage behind her. I could see quite clearly that the garment wasn't her size. They hugged every curve. The sheerness of them meant it was hardly different than when she didn't have them before.

Well I say that, but I did discover I was right when I bought them, that they would look wonderful on her. I don't know, even though they were the wrong size, and I hated that she found them, there was something about them. The little black bows swinging about, the way thing fabric curved about. The way that I could quite tell where her naughty parts started. Had she not been cleanly shaved down there, maybe, but the fact she wasn't meant I could only guess how much of her was actually covered by the little bit of privacy silk. Just picturing all her naughtiness hidden away snuggly was a lot to handle.

Don't get me wrong, I love seeing her naked, but seeing her lingerie and a naughty outfit in general was new to me, and I liked it. I did always say it would be nice if her strips did have a bit more to them then just her outer layer disappearing right away. Then again I guess I'm clearly a pervert, wanting these things from her. I can't help it though. She's so beautiful, and I love everything about her.

Her cleaning was getting her into more and more poses too that I couldn't pass up staring at a bit. I was so lucky she was so dedicated to the bet, and she never faltered from tasks. Yet there are times I couldn't help but stare open mouthed.

For example, at one point she was close to me, cleaning a small table to the side of the couch. She starts out standing right next to me, which is bad enough. Then to get to the far end of the table and over the lip of it, she starts to bend down. She keeps her knees straight, and this just pushes her butt out at me. Just a foot from me, her practically naked bottom is presented up in the air. Heck, even the opaque black patch of the panties was sticking out, and I knew what had to be nestled in there.

"Are you Ok Miss Megan," Jessie asked as she turned to face me. My face had really begun to burn up. There's only so long a girl can go like this, and I still had a lot of hours to go of this `torture'.

As her cleaning came to an end, I felt a little saved as I heard my phone go off. I had figured some of our other friends might want to hang out during break, and I figured this was maybe that! I could hopefully get Jessie to relax some and kill off some of the sexual tension.

"The Megan estate, may I ask who is calling?" I heard Jessie say. I quickly spied that she had grabbed my phone before I even had a chance to. It was going to be hard to explain why Jessie was answering the phone like that.

"Ma'am, it's for you, a Miss Stacy is calling," she announced. I quickly snatched the phone from her.

"Hi Stacy," I said.

"Hey, what's up with Jessie?" Stacy asked.

"Oh, just some bet," I explained. "I'll tell you more later."

"Later as in, could you come get me? We're pretty bored being back in town with nothing to do. She's going to drive to your place, but I could use a ride, and I'm not really on her way."

The idea didn't sound bad. With others around, I was sure Jessie would loosen up some and we'd be able to have some fun. The bet was turning out to be more work than I intended, and I had won.

"Sure, give me just a moment and I'll come get you guys," I said.

"So, are you going to be leaving for a bit Miss Megan? I would be most happy to go and pick them up for you," Jessie offered. I thought about how she had driven naked here.

"No, no, you don't need to do that. In fact, don't you think it would be best if maybe...?" I tried to think how to put it, I really didn't want to bring up the panties, and also I definitely didn't want to be so blunt about it either. Last thing I wanted to do was make her feel weird or anything.

"You stay here, and um... work on the clothes some. You again have access to all my clothes. I mean we want to be as presentable for our guests as possible, right?" I asked.

"Of course Ma'am. I will be all prepared by the time you get back," she said.

Having her not question orders was actually almost relieving. Normally I'd really have to twist my words around or beg her to do anything. Now I just had to ask for it.

"Thanks a lot Jessie. I'll be back really soon!" I said, as I hugged her. I sort of didn't think about the hug, it was mostly out of relief. I had forgotten she was still pretty nearly naked. My hands on her lower back could feel bare skin and silk. In front, I could tell how easily her apron shifted between our bodies... her naked body just on the other side of that thin layer.

I quickly released the hug and excused myself. I was out the door and in my car.

The ride to Stacy's and back wasn't much. I explained to Stacy about what was happening. I told her about the test, and Megan acting as a very proper maid. She told me she really wanted to see what Jessie was like when seriously working.

It's funny, hearing her say it, it did make me sort of miss the carefree Jessie more, it's one of the things I love most about her.

Well, I say I love it, yet it nearly gave me a heart attack as we got home.

Once back home, Katie was already parked outside. She didn't know Jessie would have let her in probably, so she was waiting for us. Stacy quickly explained the whole maid thing; she seemed almost excited about it. Katie thought it sounded cute, and we head towards the front door.

I open the door and let Stacy and Katie. I follow right behind, and suddenly there Jessie is, still in just the panties an apron!

"Welcome home Mistress and friends. I am happy to have you all here," Jessie says as she bows to us.

"Whoa! You didn't tell us about this!" Katie says.

Stacy gives me a sly grin. Once before she had suspected something between Jessie and I. This was not going to help that.

"One second guys, "I say with a forced but nervous chuckle. I let Jessie stand and pull her to the side.

"What is this; I said deal with the clothes situation, what's going on?" I ask her.

Jessie looks at me, not sure what I mean. "Miss Megan, I've started washing your clothes, don't worry. Everything is set as you asked. It's just the load is full already, so I am not able to fit the rest," she explained.

I couldn't believe. She really somehow misunderstood me. This was going to be hard to explain. Even if I told Katie and Stacy that it was Jessie who put herself like this, surely they'd wonder why I was letting her stay like that.

"Well, um, could you give Katie, Stacy, and I some time alone? Go um... check on the clothes or something..." I say. Jessie formally excused herself and left, Katie and Stacy still shocked.

"Well, that's one hell of a kinky bet. I didn't know she'd be a stripper maid or something," Stacy teased.

I had to think fast. "She's not a stripper. I didn't set the conditions either. This is just how it is I guess. I couldn't say no, Jessie doesn't like to step down from bets," I explained.

"She's... a little... well exposed though, isn't she?" Katie nervously commented. She was blushing too. Katie didn't know Jessie as well as Stacy and I do, so maybe she didn't really know how... carefree about exposure she was.

"Well, like I said, she insisted she act on the bet. I only agreed because I knew I'd win, I don't know if I could handle being dressed like that," I tried explaining.

Stacy gave me another sly grin, "Oh, I thought you and Jessie were nudist buddies? I didn't think wearing a bit of a skimpy outfit would bother you."

"Sh-sh-shut up Stacy. I told you not to blab about that... it's different than that," I tried saying. I tried to think of a reason, "I mean, nudists are ok with nudity, but I mean a sexy outfit is still sexy, regardless."

I knew it was a lame excuse, but I think Stacy was satisfied with how red my face became and how much stammering I was starting to do.

"So Jessie is a nudist?" Katie asked.

"Sort of, something like that," Stacy said with a shrug. "Perhaps you'll `see' it for yourself one day," she joked. The joke was pretty lame, as evident by Katie not reacting much. I definitely just blushed, because I instantly thought about Jessie being naked. Katie was definitely a fellow shy girl, because all this talk of nudity still had her sort of red.

"Ma'ams, would you all like to sit down for some drinks and entertainment?" Jessie suddenly requested as she re-entered the room.

I didn't know what to say, but Stacy was quick to make a comment, "Ooo, entertainment you say? What kind of stunning entertainment does a naughty maid like you have to offer?"

I couldn't believe how openly flirtatious Stacy could be sometimes. She defiantly had more backbone than me. I know she said it in jest, but it still made me a little jealous. It would be nice if I could learn to flirt with Jessie a bit better.

"Anything my Mistress asks for," she said. She ushered us to the living room, and has all sit down. Stacy and Katie got the couch and I was given the recliner.

"So, she'll do anything we ask?" Stacy wanted to confirm. She then added, "anything~" as if to really test it.

I was afraid Jessie would confirm that she would, it seems like the type of trouble she'd let herself get into. I interjected, "some drinks would be nice." Jessie left to get our drinks.

**Part 3**

"Wow, she really is your maid, it must be nice," Katie commented.

"Eh, a little stressful..." I said truthfully, not wanting to comment on the truth, I quickly explained myself in a different way, "I mean, I didn't expect her to be so diligent and such. It's almost exhausting to think of things to ask her to do; I mean it's not very natural to be the boss."

"Oh, I bet there's a few things you could come up with that you'd love to have her do," Stacy mentioned. I didn't want to know what she meant by it, and chose to ignore it.

When Jessie returned, all eyes were on her. Stacy wasn't shy to look her up and down. It didn't look like she was into Jessie or anything; I didn't feel threatened at least. Stacy seemed to take some kind of other enjoyment from it. I think she likes seeing people in tough situations. Even if Jessie seemed perfectly cool with it.

Katie was a bit more timid. I could tell she wanted to look, but she usually looked away. She really was a shy girl. I'm sure it was weird for her to have another woman around who was so exposed.

"Wow, these are really cute, where'd you get them?" Stacy asked, sticking a finger into one of the loops of the panties. I almost thought she might try to pull the satin down Jessie's legs.

"Oh these cute little things? They are pretty great. Yet they are Miss Megan's," Jessie explained.

My heart instantly stopped. My face heated up right away. I slowly looked at Katie and Stacy. Both had immediately turned their heads to me.

Now the few times that maybe the girls had seen my underwear choice thanks to locker rooms and such, they had seen some pretty plain stuff. I'm pretty shy, and something as kinky as those panties were probably pretty surprising to see me have. Heck, as I said, I never intended to wear them.

"Um..." I tried to say something. Nothing came out though.

Oblivious to the whole ordeal, Jessie turned and returned to the kitchen, "I'll prepare some food for everyone," she called.

Katie and Stacy both looked like they were looking for answer. Katie was almost concerned, and Stacy looked like she knew something was up and she was about to find out something even better.

I knew they were looking for more info than just about the panties. I mean that was bad, yet I also explained the outfit was Jessie's choice. Now all of sudden Jessie was wearing my panties.

"They were a gift from an old boyfriend!" I lied. "I never wore them once, but Jessie had found them I guess when she was getting changed for the bet... you know Jessie, always forgetting stuff... like her panties..." That last bit wasn't much of a lie, Jessie did go commando a lot.

"So I mean, the deal was apron and panties, and I wasn't going to make her go around without, I'm not some pervert!"

The two actually seemed to believe the story enough.

"Oh, one sec, that was the buzzer! Be right back mistresses," Megan called as she passed us to head to the basement. The washer sounded ready for a new load.

"A shame Jessie lost the bet. I think I almost would have preferred to see you squirming around in those naughty little bits of lace," Stacy teased.

"You're an ass, you know that," I said, her teasing being tough to deal with sometimes.

"I know," Stacy laughed.

I tried leading the conversation away for a bit, by turning the TV on. It almost worked, but Jessie returned, and we all noticed something pretty fast.

"Whoa, someone lost her panties!" Stacy called out. Instantly Katie and I turned our heads towards Jessie.

"Oh, I wouldn't lose Miss Megan's cute panties so easily. They are being washed," Jessie explained.

I couldn't believe this... Jessie actually stripped back down to just her apron again! I didn't know how to feel. On one side, my embarrassing panties weren't there for everyone to see now. I also had the perk of seeing Jessie's naked butt again.

Of course the bad thing was that Katie and Stacy were right there.

"Jessie... umm... are you sure you should be um... I mean..." Katie tried to say. It was nice to know someone else was looking out for Jessie.

"Yeah Jessie, you didn't have to," I tried saying.

"You said I should get to all your clothes Ma'am," Jessie explained.

I didn't know what to say, "I mean... well I didn't... um..."

"What would you like me to do next Miss," Jessie asked, doing her little curtsey again, this time everyone else got to see the thigh flashing sight.

"Oh, she could do some vacuuming if she hasn't already?" Stacy said, quickly taking charge.

Jessie though looked at me. "Is that what you would like Miss Megan?"

Although I didn't have to agree, I did sort of want to diffuse the situation some. So I let her get to that.

Tension was rising again, and I tried to calm things down. Jessie had something going in the oven, and was getting the oven out.

For the next couple of minutes, Katie really learned that Jessie wasn't very shy. Jessie did little stop us from getting looks at her bare butt, or between her legs when her apron shifted. She was so nearly naked in that thing, and it was obvious to all of us.

Eventually the pizza Jessie was making was done, and she served us it. Again, she excused herself from us.

As we ate our slices though, Jessie returned, and this time, every one of us gasped out loud.

Jessie no longer had her apron on. She was completely naked.

"Jessie, your apron?!" I asked out loud.

"Hm? Oh, in the wash Ma'am. I finished with the cooking, so I figured I didn't need it anymore," was Jessie's answer.

"Classic Jessie," Stacy commented, already undisturbed by it.

Katie was staring, open jaw. I couldn't blame her. Jessie was stunning. Well maybe that's not why her jaw was hanging, but that's why mine was.

Stacy was surprisingly nice all of a sudden when she offered, "Katie, you think it might be time to go?"

Katie had to recollect her thoughts, "what?" she asked.

"We have, something do, right?" she almost half asked. I could tell something must have been up. "We also should probably leave these two alone," she said, as if almost hinting something. Again, I didn't want to know what she thought.

"Oh yes, I guess we should. It's been a lot of fun guys!" Katie said, getting up.

The two quickly said their goodbyes. Jessie and I led them out of the house, Jessie still naked. I couldn't believe she really would do that, especially in front of someone like Katie, but that just goes to show you how little she seems to worry about nudity.

With them out the door, I turned towards the kitchen. I needed some air. What I had hoped would make things easier seemed to make things work.

Yet it was hard to be mad or upset after spying Jessie cleaning up the table. I know I go on about her beauty a lot, but there is more to her than that. Like for instance, she was going through with her bet and cleaning up after everyone left. She was so helpful and kind.

She went into the kitchen, and I followed.

"By the way, thanks Jessie. I mean it's a bit weird, bossing you around, but you're a real sport, you know that," I said. "I really mean it, I love having you over," I said. I was almost trying to tell myself I should be honest with her for once. I wasn't able to make it happen, and turned to my side, unable to look her in the eye.

"Of course Miss Megan, anything for you. By the way, I've been meaning to do this," Jessie said as she approached me. I didn't know what was going on, but my naked maid got really close to me.

Jessie actually started to embrace me! Without a single word, Jessie had her arms around me.

"Jessie..." I said, feeling her bare chest on my arm. She was so close to me, this was something else.

"Yes Ma'am?" she asked. Her hands began to slide along the waistband of my jeans. They focused on the button.

"What are you doing?!" I asked.

Jessie looked at me and smiled. "Why what I'm supposed to do Miss Megan. I am your servant today. I am to perform every task I can to make you happy. I must perform every service that is physically possible for me to do."

After a line like that, and her lowering the zipper on my jeans, I didn't know what to do.

"Jessie! You, you don't have to do that!" I said in a panic. Yet even though that's what I said, I didn't physically try to happen. I know I said I can speak Jessie-ese, but right now what she said could only be exactly what she said.

She started to pull my pants down my legs till they were pooled at my ankles. This was all moving so fast. Jessie was able to stare right at my blue cotton panties.

"Miss, please lift your legs," Jessie requested. My brain was on autopilot, and I did as she asked. She took my pants from my legs in moments.

I then heard the front door open. "I forgot my phone!" Stacy called out as she came inside. I was right near this little half window that was between the kitchen and living room. Stacy could thankfully not see a single thing below my stomach.

"Keep hidden; don't let her know you're here!" I whispered down to Jessie. I just knew that if I didn't say that, she'd give us away. I couldn't believe I was so close to one of my dreams and Stacy had to come and ruin it.

"What was that?" Stacy asked.

"Oh, nothing!" I said as Stacy began to look around the couch for her phone. "Where's that naked maid of yours anyways?"

"Who, Jessie? Um... she's... cleaning the floors and stuff..."

Just as I was saying this, I felt Jessie's knuckles against my waist. Her fingers were burying into the waistband of my panties!

I tried to give her the evil eye, but Stacy was looking my way, so I didn't want to look down at Jessie suspiciously.

"Cleaning the floors? What, are you making her do it with her tongue and that's why she can't say hello to her friend?"

I knew it was a bad lie, but there was too much happening. My heart was beating like crazy. Just below me, Jessie was pulling my panties down slowly, as if not to make a sound. Then on top of it, I was scared with how close Stacy was with the "Cleaning with her tongue" comment. I shivered at the thought. I wonder if Jessie would go so far to actually do that, with Stacy there.

I didn't know how to stop any of it though. As I tried to mumble out an answer to Stacy, Jessie had my panties at my thighs. Jessie was getting an up close view of my lips and everything.

"OH... umm... Jessie was mopping here, but is um... downstairs with the wash now! It's probably too loud to hear you..."

"Well, I found my phone, so you behave and do anything with her I wouldn't!" Stacy teased as she turned to leave.

Jessie was at that moment holding my hip in one hand, and had a hand on my thigh. My panties had hit the floor, and Jessie was rubbing my thigh and hip. It was such a tease, but it kept me standing. "Bye again Stacy, have fun!" I called out as she left.

Jessie had now gotten the panties from my feet. I stood bottomless in the kitchen, her kneeling right in front of my naked lower half.

"Jessie... you really aren't going to..." I tried saying. I really couldn't believe this was happening.

"What, clean with my tongue?" She asked, having heard Stacy of course.

**Part 4**

Oh my god! I couldn't believe she'd ask me like that. Was I supposed to say yes? Did she just want to hear me say it out loud? Oh my god, I don't know if I could handle that. Yet maybe that's what Jessie always wanted. Maybe Jessie would like me more if I told her to do stuff like that. She might actually be a submissive like she's been playing all day.

Jessie began to rise. She started to push my t-shirt up my body. I was wondering if she was going to strip me.

"I don't know if you really want me to clean with my tongue. It would take me awhile, and I have a lot of things to do," she explained. Now it was like she was playing hard to get, trying to get me to beg for it.

"Well... no... I wouldn't make you do that," I blurted out. I really wouldn't want to make her do it if she didn't want to.

"Then in that case," Jessie said, pushing my shirt up over my head. She was quick to get to my bra. I was in such a daze that I hardly had the mind to fight her off from stripping me naked. I wanted that in so many way after all.

"I will draw you a bath and wash these for you," Jessie finished. I was suddenly somehow more lost. At least moment before I had thought I knew what was happening. Now I wasn't sure at all.

"Wait, what?" I asked.

"Well Ma'am, I figured you might like a bath. So I'll take your clothes to be washed and kill two birds with one stone," Jessie explained.

Without thinking, "What about..." I was able to stop myself.

"What about what?" Jessie asked. She looked me over. I was now blushing as I covered myself. I should have known better. Jessie wasn't at all planning to do anything sexual with me. I couldn't believe how dumb I was. "Oh, you mean clean the floor? Well I though the tongue thing was only a joke, but if you wanted me to clean the floor too I could."

I was so thankful for Jessie's ability to completely glaze over stuff sometimes. "No, I don't think they need cleaning. I was just mistaken about something. A bath would be nice."

I kept my body covered as I went to go sit down. I would have put up a fit about being so undressed, but after what just happened, I needed a break, and a bath would be nice.

So Jessie set up a bath, and set up the laundry as well. She told me the bath was set for me, and I went inside.

As I shut the door and made sure I had a towel ready, I tested the water. Jessie had put some bubble bath in, and the water temperature was perfect. I had to admit having someone pamper me had been nice.

Then I heard a knocking. "Miss, why did you lock the door? Wouldn't you like me to wash you Miss Ma'am?"

My heart went right back to its erratic beat. "No thanks! Just attend to the clothes!"

I lay down in the tub, and tried to re-relax myself. However it wasn't long till thoughts of Jessie joining me in the bathroom, bending over so she could wash me... her hands all sudsy, running over my sensitive skin.

I was actually quite sensitive. The day with Jessie had been crazy. After all the moments, and all the naughty visuals, and just in general being so close to Jessie, I was a bit on edge in more ways then one.

So keeping as quiet as I could, and with the privacy of the locked door, I let my hands sneak to my sensitive spots, running in my head all the things that `could have been'.

After my bath, I was really relaxed. I was in a fantastic mood as I stepped out the tub. I dried off with a towel, and put on the robe that was hung up for me.

Jessie greeted me, and I was shocked to see her in just the panties from earlier. I suppose she didn't need the apron, and probably figured I wanted her in the panties by way of my instruction earlier. It was funny, a moment before then I felt super relaxed, but seeing Jessie in just those naughty panties was enough to get my heart going again.

Jessie had me sit on the couch again, offering her services to me.

I thought about it for a second. "Can I ask that Jessie, my friend, comes to hang out with me for the rest of the night?"

Jessie then gave one of the warmest smiles I've ever seen. For a moment, our eyes locked, and I could swear I felt something for a moment. I wasn't sure if it was just our friendship or something stronger, but I didn't need to know what it was, I just knew I liked it.

"I'd love to," Jessie said as she sat down next to me.

It's weird, even though she was still in my embarrassing underwear, nearly naked, the two of us sort of acted as we normally would.

I took my fair share of peeks of course. It was hard not to. However at the same time I was a little less stressed out. I definitely prefer Jessie a little more when she's her carefree self. I'll admit there was some definite fun when she was listening to my every demand, but I like Jessie for being Jessie, so it was nice just being friends finally that day, it's all I had really wanted.

So that's how most of the night went. We just joked and talked there, watching TV, doing stuff on my laptop, and just enjoying each other's company.

Eventually it got late in the night. Jessie and I were pretty tired from how early we woke up. I was going to have Jessie leave, but she started acting as her maid self once more.

"No Miss, I must tuck you in, I was to be the maid for the day, so it's not over till I have you asleep in bed," she said.

I let her take me to my room. It was embarrassing when she took my robe off, leaving me naked. I normally don't sleep naked, but I wasn't about to argue with Jessie at that point.

Once under the covers, Jessie began to tuck me in. It was super sweet, and it really did make me yearn for days where this might be something the two of us do, living together and taking care of each other.

"Anything else Ma'am?" Jessie asked.

I was pretty tired by that point. Maybe I shouldn't have said it, but I opened my mouth and said, "Well what could you do for a girl naked in her bed?"

I was barely awake. It was tough to keep my eyes open. I didn't even really realize what I said; it honestly felt like I was speaking Jessie-ese now.

"I don't know... you tell me," Jessie said, a smile on her face. Perhaps it was the fact I was just about out of it, but I could swear there was something more to the way she said it.

However my eyes shut, she closed the door, and she went home.

The next morning, I had to finish up a few of her chores. There was still the load of wash with her apron in it that I had to handle. The weird thing was though; I think Jessie forgot to give me my panties back. I wasn't able to find them, which was fine. I never planned on wearing them.

I also found it funny that it was most likely all she had on while she went home were those panties. That girl really is nuts sometimes.

I secretly hoped that maybe I'd see her in those panties again someday.

So yeah, overall, a tad stressful for a bet that I technically won. However, at the same time, maybe I should make more bets with her soon.

The End